VERSES

On the DEATH of

Mr. THOMAS WALSH,

Who died April 8, 1759,

In IRELAND.

At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng;
Sweet peace, and heav'nly hope, and humble joy,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul;
Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre, bright.
Life take thy chance! but O for such an end!

YOUNG's Night Thoughts.

LONDON:

Sold by *A. Goldenarms*, in *Smock-Alley*, *Spital-fields*.

MDCCLIX.

W. Musgrove.

BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE READER.

AS the perſon ſpoken of in the following lines, was a man particularly uſeful in his generation; he undoubtedly deſerves to be remembered by every one that deſires to ſee any increaſe of religion, and happineſs amongſt men. I have made this ſmall attempt, to ſet up a monument of remembrance to his name: and, although it is not adequate to his merit and worth, yet it may, ſometimes, remind thoſe who were more immediately acquainted with his perſon, of the many profitable exerciſes wherein he laboured; and it may be a means of that divine ſpirit breathing in every breaſt, "O "that I may die the death of the "righteous, and that my laſt end "may be like his."

ON THE DEATH OF Mr. *Thomas Walsh*.

PART I.

O JESUS, our hope,
Who the ſorrowful cup
To thy ſaints didſt bequeath,
Which was temper'd with loſs, and with parting and death,

Support us in grief,
And afford us relief
In our trouble and pain,
Which we now by the loſs of our Brother ſuſtain.

Our brother is flown
To the ſkies, and is gone,
No more to return;
And has left us below in the body to mourn.

We

We ſigh for our loſs,
While he mounts on the croſs,
Caught away from our ſight
To the regions of pure and ineffable Light.

Thou, dreadfully great,
Diſmal monarch of ſtate,
Who hath ſummon'd away
The poor tottering manſion of animal clay,

To thy ſway we muſt ſtoop,
And with patience and hope
Wait till all things ſubmit,
And thyſelf art put under the conqu'ror's feet

Then the body ſhall riſe
To a place in the ſkies,
Its part'ner regain;
And with Jeſus in glory for ever remain.

For Meſias is gone
To prepare him a throne;
For He roſe from the dead,
And the members muſt follow their glorify'd head.

Old blood thirſty Rome *
Had invelop'd her Son,
In darkneſs ſecure,
For the light of the goſpel ſhe cannot endure.

With error beguil'd,
She had nurs'd up the child
To follow her lore,
And her ſchemes, ſuperſtitions, to love and adore.

* *He was educated in the Roman Catholic religion, but renounc'd it for the pure faith of the Goſpel.*

Her

Her zealots to prove
In catholic love,
Her cunning ſhe tries,
With all the ſuggeſtions that hell can deviſe.

All her mind to fulfill,
And accompliſh her will;
The love ſhe inſpires
Of deaths, and of tortures, of racks, and of fires.

Perverted in youth,
He ſtray'd from the truth,
And blindly went on;
But the Lord out of Egypt hath called his ſon.

The light of mankind,
In Hibernia ſhin'd,
And reveal'd to our friend,
The path which from earth doth to heav'n aſſend.

When the goſpel appear'd,
The glad tidings he hear'd,
And his manhood approv'd
The more excellent way of his Maſter belov'd.

The veil from his heart
Did quickly depart;
He obey'd the glad word,
And he joyfully roſe for to follow his Lord.

PART II.

BOanerges the ſon
Of thunder is gone,
Who alarum'd the crowd,
And awaken'd the ſinners to think upon GOD:

Who

Who bid them to ſtop,
And for mercy look up,
To the Saviour of all
Who came down to redeem us, and raiſe from our fall.

The myſterious plan
Of Jehovah made man,
The whole world to redeem
Was the Scope of his pure inexhauſtable theme,

God in Chriſt reconcil'd,
By compaſſion ſo mild,
To reſtore the loſt race,
And to perfect in glory the children of grace.

With labouring ſtrife
He hath offer'd his life,
An oblation to God,
And the ſpirits infernal he has bravely withſtood.

He publiſh'd abroad
The ſalvation of God,
Thro' the blood of the Lamb,
Yeſterday, and to-day, and for ever, the ſame.

By preaching and prayer,
By zeal and by care,
Many ſons he hath gain'd,
Who with guilty polutions were horribly ſtain'd.

Thro' the word of our God,
And the ſprinkling blood,
He hath turn'd them from ſin,
And to Jeſus's kingdom hath uſher'd them in.

His comfort and Joy
Was his gifts to employ
In the ſervice of him,
Who had ſav'd him by grace, and redeem'd him from ſin.

His

His maſter to own
Was his glory and crown,
In every place,
And to ſpend and be ſpent for to publiſh his grace.

The propheſies old
He did ſweetly unfold ;
And patheticly ſhew'd,
How they pointed to Jeſus, the ſuffering God.

But the goſpel of peace.
With its glorious increaſe,
He rejoiced to ſpread ;
And in Jeſus's footſteps delighted to tread.

Unwearied he was,
In ſuſtaining the croſs,
And the proof of his grace
Was a conſtant advertance to Jeſus's face.

Meditation and love
Did his moments improve ;
And he haſten'd to grow
In all the improvements of goodneſs below.

Thro' the patience of hope
He calmly look'd up
Till the moment ſhou'd come,
Which releas'd him from pain, and tranſlated him home.

By the power of love
He manfully ſtrove,
Till he vaniſh'd his foes ;
And o'er earth, hell and ſin, he triumphantly roſe.

When weakneſs aſſail'd
And mortally fail'd,

He exulted to say,
Come quickly, O Jesus, and bear me away! *

My Beloved is mine
By a union divine,
Inseparably one;
Make haste, my Beloved, and convoy me home!

Then let us attend
To th' advice of our friend,
Which so often he taught,
To be holy in action, in word, and in thought.

His example pursue,
And agonize thro'
In our warfare beneath,
Till we all triumph over the sharpness of death.

PART III.

HIS preaching and toil
Is forgotten a while,
And he sleeps in the dust
Till the great resurrection, and call of the just.

For his labour and pain
He a kingdom shall gain,
Immoveably sure
Which prepared by GOD shall for ever endure.

* *Referring to the expressions he chiefly used the day that he departed.*

Cor-

Corruptibly ſown,
And in weakneſs laid down,
He immortal ſhall riſe,
And receive from the Judge the rewardable prize.

Thou haſt made him to ſtoop;
But haſt lifted him up,
And haſt born him on high,
Where ſorrow and ſighing for ever ſhall die.

O haſten the day
That removes us away
From the valley of tears;
Fulfil our deſires, and vanquiſh our fears.

O ſave me on earth,
And ſupport me in death,
O Jeſus, my friend,
Thou haſt lov'd me, continue to love to the end.

We pine for our reſt,
Our ſorrowful breaſt
Unſpeakably moans,
And with all the creation unutterably groans.

O Jeſus we pray,
No longer delay;
With pity look down,
In mercy receive us, and reſcue thine own.

Receive us to thee,
And eternally free,
From ſorrow and ſighs,
The ſouls of thy ſervants who preſs to the ſkies.

Bid each one come up
To thy kingdom to ſup,
To glory reſtor'd,
Where the ſervant for ever ſhall be with his Lord.

Safe conveyed by thee,
O'er a tempeſtuous ſea,
When the ſtorms are all paſt
We ſhall gain the ſure haven, ſafe landed at laſt.

On eternity's ſhore;
Where the wicked no more
Shall trouble the bleſt,
And the mournful and weary for ever ſhall reſt.

Th' archangel ſhall ſound,
And the graves ſhall refound,
Lo! our advocate comes!
Awake! all ye righteous; and burſt from your tombs!

The white throne ſhall appear,
The Judge ſhall draw near,
And each ſhall receive
The reward for the life which on earth he did live.

The deciſſive word
To the ſmiles of our Lord,
Our ſouls ſhall tranſlate;
We ſhall more than recover our primitive ſtate.

Caught up in the air,
The glory to ſhare
With our brother that's gone
To the ſmiles of our Jeſus and ſhare of his throne.

He has gain'd the bleſs'd height
Of the manſions of light
At Immanel's breaſt,
Where all is enjoyment, aſſurance, and reſt.

With triumphs of grace,
And garments of praiſe,
For his ſorrows and tears,
Now he happy and holy on Sion appears.

He is lodg'd in the reſt,
Of the holy and bleſt,
Whoſe unweary'd employ,
Is with pleaſure extatic, and rapturous joy.

To adore the ſweet name
Of the ranſoming Lamb,
Who in mercy and grace
Hath remov'd them from earth, to the ſight of his face.

When the moment is come
That takes us all home,
From the earth we ſhall riſe,
And joyfully meet all our friends in the ſkies.

There again we ſhall ſee
Our brother, and be
For ever among
WALSH and WESLEY, and all the whole glorify'd throng!

With the unnumber'd band
On Mount Sion to ſtand,
And ſhouting, proclaim
Hallelujah! Salvation to GOD and the Lamb.

Where the cherubs ſhall gaze,
And the ſeraphs, ſhall praiſe;
For right'ous, O Lord,
Are thy ways, and thy judgments, thy works, and thy word.

When the Faithfull ſhall join,
What raptures divine,
Shall their moments employ,
With hymns of delight, and with triumphs of joy?

But our Je'us's love,
Which shall never remove,
Shall engage all our tongues;
The Alpha, Omega, and ground of our Songs.

O the weight we shall bear
Of glory, and share
The permanent bliss
For the Height of our hopes and enjoyment is this.

To recover our Home,
And with Jesus sit down,
Embrac'd with his love,
And again from our Jesus no more to remove!